and informed the intendentions of the trio. aid: "It would serve John tevenson just right if we away from them. What eive the public in this sort bin' takin' off our hats that good woman an ge over the rough places, there ain't no body thar gold. It's downright it is, to be foolin' with a n land and in broad day-

agreed with the fellow's opinion that the robould be quite justifiable

e time and generally beacy had been formed to rs and seize the supposed chfulness of Cameron and ys slept with both eyes at half-cock, defeated the ficient nerve were found and in so perilous an adspiracy collapsed.

reached Victoria with en an impression prevailthe coffin had been emsafe convoy of the comnot contain the precious

no attention to these illgroundless insinuations. perly embalmed and cofhe Quadra Street cemehis little child. Then he s, and the following two ound to the bone-othere told the writer that his aims realized him \$375,the other partners were

igs for home at the close on, true to his promise, wife and child taken up wall. The remains were at Victoria for San Franwere placed on board ana, taken across the Isthd carried by another boat a fourth transfer the rewall, where they were ery with fitting services, hite marble shaft was nd still marks their rest-

this noble tribute to the rned his attention to the a mortgage on the old s boyhood, where he had d a handsome brick and site of the farmhouse, This dwelling is still the lordly St. Lawrence way to the sea, and comthe country for miles bought farms in the brothers and relieved the atives upon whom Dame to smile. Then he took an estimable lady, and of ease and comfort.

noble-hearted generosity ss, the tongue of malice n motion, and most inning Mr. Cameron were d by some returned Caritold of the funeral prowas untrue, that the cof-'s treasurebox, that the still in their lonely grave untains of Cariboo, and ad been brought to Corn-Indian woman who had ad purchased from the ictoria.

led by these utterly baselected both on his honor Cameron demanded an The grave was opened coroner, a justice of the other leading citizens. v identified as those of n. The body was in a eservation. The features e, and a rich crown of ch had been a distingeceased lady in life, was and beauty. The voice stilled by the investigaon learned the truth of

estments at the east were barked in lumbering and money. His fine resiis hands into those of years after he had left fortune he ventured to f his prosperity. But all the mines were worked ad gone away, the busy amlets, and the evidence every side.

eks later, the subject of ing the street at Barker-He was raised, but nad died amid the scenes s of a broken heart, and ave in the hills amid the and far from the plot y of his wife at Cornwall. more valuable, publiccitizen than John A. plenty of room for more

The Land of Her Fathers-A Short



Tuesday, June 2 1908

MELLS of leather, and other smells, came out from the factory, and its windows in rows apon rows were lighted by the afternoon-sun, as Ot-to—the man for whom it had made hundreds of thousands of dollars looked back at it from the street car—The sunshine warmed him, and when the car had reached the corner of Lincoln Park, he got off to walk the last three-quarters of a mile of his way homeward.

His faded blue eyes, housed under thick brows, and surrounded by numberless thready wrinkles, twinkled good-naturedly at the peo-

thready wrinkles, twinkled good-naturedly at the people with lunch-baskets, who sat on benches on both sides of the wide, pleasant path, and at the children playing on the grass. He loved children. Soon the path, turning up a flight of steps, led to a driveway where an automobile was standing. The chauffeur was on the ground, busy—after the manner of chauffeurs—with wrenches and an oil can, and a woman with a baby in her arms sat in the tonneau. When she saw Otto, she smiled and nodded, and recognizing her as a servant who had worked for him, he stopped, and shook hands with her. shook hands with her.

"I see you have a good place, Clara, and not too hard work," he said, smiling, and he poked his finger at the baby, who seized it, and tried to put it into his

"He is cutting his teeth," said the woman, in explanation. "How is Mrs. Schindler?" While he answered her questions Otto played with the baby, and when in his turn he had a chance to ask

something, he said: "Who's baby is this, Clara?" The woman's face changed with surprise and she looked at him incredulously. "Great Father! You are not fooling, Mr. Schind-r?" she said, uneasily. "Surely you know. It is your

own grandbaby.' He grew red, not trying to hide his confusion, and seized the little hands and covered them with ca-

resses, his face bent over them. "I have not seen him lately. They change so fast,

When at last the automobile rolled away, he stood for a moment looking after it, his eyes filled with unsatisfied longing, then went on through the park, and up the broad stone steps of his home. Still in his eyes was that look of sadness.

In the library, after he had changed his shoes for carpet-slippers, and had sat down to read his German paper—the news of his adopted city in the language he loved best—he kept one eye upon his wife where she sat in her silk dress, sewing. betray his emotion, he said:
"I saw the grandchild today."
His wife looked up with quick interest. "He must have grown, Otto." Presently, in an even, careful voice, which did not

"He has grown so much I did not know him. He

is cutting his teeth. Clara is working for them, and I did not know that, either."

He kept his eyes fixed steadily, though he did not know what he was reading, but it was not possible for him long to conceal his feelings, and at last he drop-ped the paper suddenly. "This we get, Sophie, because ten years ago we moved out of a little house into this big one," he said

bitterly.

His wife looked up quietly, "There is money enough for one still twice as big, Otto. When I go out, people say, "There goes the wife of Mr. Schindler, the rich shoe-manufacturer." Then I faink, "That is my Otto of whom they are speaking." I am sure nobody deserves a big house if you do not."

"Ged save me from a house bigger than this one," he answered fiercely. "It would have been better if I had been saved already from one of this size." Then, lest she should mistake him, he added more gently, "It is not the money."

lest she should mistake him, he added more gently,
"It is not the money."

"Anna wished the big house, Otto, and see how
well she has done for herself. Every few days you
can read in the papers something about her, and you
know you are proud of it. Now that they are going
to Europe that will be in the papers also. They are
coming Sunday to say good-bye to us."

He did not pick up the paper again, but sat with
blind eyes, answering nothing.

For several years people had been saying to him,
"You have every right to be proud of your daughter."
And he had smiled, accepted their congratulations.
But the smile was only painted on his shell. Something within him answered to it, "Smile as much as
you want to, but you know that the higher she goes
the further she gets from you, and that is breaking
your heart."

He was growing old. Doubts and longings oppressed him, and he thought of his youth very often.

He was growing old. Doubts and longings oppressed him, and he thought of his youth very often. He had no intention of going back to Germany, yet he felt that the best place for a man to die was the one he had been born in; all his forefathers, so far as he knew, had died in the same house. And he could not overcome the fierce home-sickness, and these times of depression, by thoughts of his success in his new country. Instead, he said to himself:

"What does all that amount to? I have grown rich in America, but I have lost my daughter, and I am going to be buried in a strange graveverd. That

what does all that amount to? I have grown rich in America, but I have lost my daughter, and I am going to be buried in a strange graveyard. That is what I get for being a republican. Oh, that she had stayed little, like when I held her on my knee, or that I might die looking up at those same rafters that my father looked at when he was dying!"

But, as he had learned two things very thoroughly—that a man's thoughts are not as a woman's thoughts, and an old man's thoughts are not like a young one's—he let no one know he had such feelings.

When the visitors came on Sunday, he went to the door to meet them, and took the baby onto his shoulder, and walked up and down with him, shouting. They were as nelsy as if he had been a baby also. As he ied his daughter in on his arm to a dinner which had been prepared only after long consultation between the two old people, she said, smilling: "How nice it is to see you in such good spirits, father."

But in spite of everything it was a formal visit. They talked of the cities they were going to see, and the dates on which they would be in them. And presently, as he sai looking across at her, proud of her clear cell a marriage heavy.

the dates on which they would be in them. And presently, as he sat looking across at her, proud of her clear-cut American beauty, Otto fell silent. Deep in his heart he knew that Anna loved him, and would weep when he died, but he would rather have had her cry a little over him while he was still living; and he could not help recalling how many times, though she did not guess it, she had wounded him—beginning with that day when, as a little girl, she had refused to learn German. Steeped in the literature of his own land, and loving Germany with all his heart, he had suffered from this.

land, and loving Germany with all his heart, he had suffered from this.

"So you will be content to read in translations the greatest things that have been written," he had said with feeling. "Prut! And what history do you study? You know Greece, and Rome, and England—that is all you know anything about."

"Those are the ones for which prizes are given," she answered, simply, and in spite of all, something in this answer had appealed to him.

He recalled his pride in her cleverness at school, which was not less than his pride in her beauty; and his greater pride when she had come back from Vassar, knowing many things the very names of which were unpronounceable to him, with her beauty grown

sar, knowing many things the very names of which were unpronounceable to him, with her beauty grown more even-lined and dignified, and her nervous energy refined and subjugated.

And his joy in the many young men in long coats who came to the house, and the carriages at his door—it was at her wish that they had moved into this grander neighborhood, where German was less often spoken—even though he understood that through it all she was drawing further and further away from him, and making herself wholly American, as if there

him, and making herself wholly American, as if there were some sort of disgrace in having ancestors who had not landed at Plymouth Rock.

But he recalled also how, through her, there had come to him the one great disappointment of his life, at the time of the German Prince Henry's visit to America. For certain officers attended Prince Henry, the property of the general way. America. For certain officers attended Prince Henry, or being in the country at the time took occasion to greet him, and among these was von Endeman, son of two people to whom Otto in the little village of his childhood had been taught to look up as lord and lady; and the young lleutenant, carried off his feet by Anna's beauty, after a few days of mad courting, had asked her hand of her father. That night his wife heard Otto sobbing in the darkness, and asked: "Are you sick? What is the matter?"

"It is only happiness, Sophie," he answered. "Listen, and I will tell you the most wonderful thing that is happened in this world. How would you like it our Anna should be the Von Endeman lady? I

know that great place so well, but in my boyhood it was from outside the gates I looked at it. What a wonder if now a child of mine should be its mistress; but that is not impossible."

Even today he had trouble in realizing that Anna had refused Lieutenant Von Endeman; at the time he had urged and expostulated.

"Do you know any otherwood was a sould be a soul

"Do you know any other young man to equal him?" he had asked, argumentatively.
"Not any so broad or so tall," answered Anna—and added, smiling, "or so polite."
"Then what do you want?"

"Then what do you want?"

"Then what do you want?"

She looked up quickly. "Someone who will not think he is conferring a favor on me if he lets me give up my life to him."

"Good gracious, Anna!. There are no better lovers than Germans. Whose wives wear more diamonds?"

"If I thought I should look better to my husband for having on diamonds, I would not want him."

"Anna, Anna, you do not know what you are refusing! There is a whole town there which would worship you." And as he knew no reason why he "Anna, Anna, you do not know what you are refusing! There is a whole town there which would worship you," And as he knew no reason why he should conceal what to him was the greatest argument to him was the greatest argument to the state of ment of all: "When you went past, people would say, "That is the daughter of Otto Schindler. He was an apprentice-boy in this town, and went away to America. Now his daughter has come back to be the

She shook her head with gentle firmness, understanding how to him this marriage would be the crown of his whole life, the seal of his success; and standing in front of her, his hands stretched out, partly in entreaty, more in command, he said with

partly in entreaty, more in command, he said with tremulous emphasis:

"Anna, do this, or I will not think of you any longer as my daughter. It is right that young people should let old ones choose for them."

He remembered still how her level eyes, looking into his without wavering, had made him know that in this matter she would accept no guidance, and he could hear again the bitter cry of his defeat:

"Oh, no, no! he is a German, Anna—that is enough for you—you will have nothing to do with Germans."

That, he knew, had been the day of their separation; and when later she married a rich young American, of full life and many interests, she had gone no further from him, though their life and his were entirely different.

Yet he did not find it hard to like her husband. He enjoyed meeting and talking with him. So now

He enjoyed meeting and talking with him. So now he roused himself presently, and fell into conversation with him across the corner of the table, while his wife and daughter talked over another. Soon he was laughing, and Anna heard him say:
"But the best thing was the Professor Schweine-braten. We boys made fun of him, shouting 'Schweine-broten' at him when he went along the street. After a while he took to despair, and had his name changed to Ullman." Ullman.'

She frowned, knowing that he was talking of his German boyhood, and said warningly: "Other people are not interested in those things as you are, father. You must not talk about them so much as to make a bore of yourself."

bore of yourself."

He looked at her with troubled eyes, shrinking from the thought of being a bore, but the face of the young man reassured him.

"He likes to hear it, Anna. You are not bored, sir, are you?"

The young man shook his head.

"Then he was not brought was to the read to the reason." "Then he was not brought up in the midst of it, as I was," said Anna, good-naturedly.
"Well, now," cried Otto, "It is time for wine and cigars. The women—they may go or stay, just as it pleases them, and I will show you something it is fun to look at."

to look at."

He got up from the table and brought a little book in worn board covers—the "wanderbuch" he had carried during the year of his travels as a journey-man shoemaker—and opening it, showed how its front part was taken up with pages of good advice to young men from a paternal government; and the back; spart with tables of distances, and all its middle with the crabbed writings and stamped seals of towns he had visited. He handled it lovingly—as a woman touches dead flowers from her bridal bouquet. Every name within it had a meaning for him, filling him with memories. The young man looked over his shoulder with interest.

NE of the bad results of the Russo-Japanese war has been to hide certain faults in the haze of glorious military achievements. Their military efficiency—their readiness, steadiness, brilliancy, persistency and the spirit that fears no foe, are the wonder of the world. They have been lauded to the skies on this score. Their yellow brothers, the Chinese, on the other hand, are regarded as a poor lot in matters of war.

Yet it has turned out that in business and commerce they are despicable, while the Chinese are not only gentlemen but beyond reproach in fair-dealing and honesty. The difference may be summed up in this way: The Japanese are shrewd in making a bargain, but the Chinese will not only make a shrewd bargain, but once they enter into an agreement, even if it is only orel, the contract will be carried out to the letter. If the transaction should result in loss, the same faithful adherence to the contract will be ideal of the Chinese merchant. The Jap, on the other hand, will hedge and dodge the result.

In fact the Japanese have seemingly gone to school to the old time Yankees who thought it smart business to palm off wooden nutmegs and hams for the genuine commodities. In short, the Jap practices all the old and modern Yankee tricks of trade. And as always happens in the end they loose trade through shifty dealing.

Frederick J. Haskin who has made a first study of

Frederick J. Haskin who has made a first study of

Japanese methods says:

"An importer of peanuts in Portland, Ore., was approached by a Japanese salesman who suggested that inasmuch as his countrymen were branching out in business, there was no longer any necessity for doing business through a third party, as had been the custom prior to that time. Why not deal directly? The American felt like encouraging the Japaness commercial enterprise and a contract was made. The Portland man soon had reason to regret his action. In explanation he says: "The price of peanuts went up and my man refused to deliver at the contract price. I got stung for \$1,500. No more direct deals with the Japanese for me."

The imitation of standard brands of manufactured

Japanese methods says:

"In this town," said Otto, with his finger on a page "I had thoughts of coming to America," He laughed. "The town-clerk there was mad because I had changed my road, and had not gone the way I said I was going. That was not allowable. When he swore, and told me to go to Moscow, which is the same as we say here, 'go to the devil.' I answered, 'Not at all, I have a better place to go to.' I was thinking of America then, but as quick as I got over being angry, I forgot it."

forgot it."

"But you remembered again," said the young man, smiling, 'for you came finally."

Otto's eyes sought his wife's across the table. "It was foreordained for me, I think, that way, and if I did not find one reason for it I would have found another," he said, merrily.
"Do not believe a word he says," cried Sophie across the table, bridling. "He would not have come. It was I that made him."

across the table, bridling. "He would not have come. It was I that made him."

"Poof!" cried her husband. "What nonsense! It began before I knew she was living. I was among the most faithful of those who went to the apprentices' school on Sunday mornings to hear republicanism. On other days they could not teach it, but on Sunday, when by law there was no school, the school-masters taught anywax. They did this without pay, and so they could teach what they wanted to When I read how in the Reichstag someone gets up and telks republicanism, I laugh and say, 'Oho, mister, you must have gone to school Sunday mornings.' Yet she pretends I would not have come except for her!"

Sophie shook her head until the little gray and golden curls upon her neck fluttered.

"That is how it is with a woman," said Otto. "They think they are the cause of everything. But I want to tell you I was not yet ten years old when I heard read a letter from Peter Ott, who had run away from our town because of poaching. He was in Cincinnati, and he wrote that he had hunting-dogs, which he kept in his back yard. People thought that Peter, who was a great cheet must be were the term.

he kept in his back yard. People thought that Peter, who was a great cheat, must have made the Americans believe he was high-born, so they would let him keep dogs. With us only the high-born could keep them. And though I was at that time little, I never forgot about Peter, so I say that it was foreordained for me."

for me."
"If that is so," cried Sophie, shaking her head, and laughing, "then I was foreordained for you, also."
"Well, perhaps that is so, too," Otto admitted, smiling at her. "For in the end, sir, it happened this

It was in Dusseldorf that I had a friend, Henry Hummel, and he had met a girl that I had found this lady, so we were both in love at the same time. I said to Henry, "Two things are in front of us. We must be master shoemakers or we must be something else'—because journeymen could not marry until they were masters. But to be masters one must give a great sum of money to the shoemakers, suild and of great sum of money to the shoemakers' guild, and of

money we did not have one bit.

great sum of money to the shoemakers' guild, and of money we did not have one bit.

"It is as fresh to me as if it had happened just a minute ago. We were in a field; sitting under a tree, and after a while Henry got up and said. I have made up my mind, Otto. Tears ran down his cheeks, for he did not want to give up his trade, but he went into the town and gave up his trade, and found work in a factory, and afterward he was married. Factory workers could marry. But I sat still under the tree, and watched him go.

"In Dusseldorf the shoemakers took newspapers, and we admired Abraham Lincoln and Garibaidi. I thought of both those men while I sat there. It seemed also that everything in my life rose up to me—the letter of Peter Ott, who kept dogs; the schoolmasters who taught on Sunday—even that same Schweinebraten; the town-clerk wao swore because I had changed my road. And after a while I, too, got up, and went toward the town, but I did not know what I was going to do yet. Everything was boiling inside my head, and I passed papile who turned and looked after me, because I kept farrowing my arms about, and talking to myself while I was going. Then, all at once, who should I see walking in the street but Sophie, and I went up and stopped in front of hen, and I said in a loud voice, 'How much do you love me?"

"He was like a crazy man," said Sophie. "I do not know what to make of him."

"It may very well be that I was like a crazy man," said Otto, "but there was sumeons there were a series and successed was sumeons there were a series and successed."

ow what to make of nim."
"It may very well be that I was like a crazy man,"
d Otto, "but there was someone there who laughed,

Hidden Faults of Japanese Character

least that is what it means. One Japanese firm put out a lot of thread which was an imitation both of the Coats and Clark brands in appearance and quantity. But it turns out that the customer discovers that there is only one third of the regular amount of thread, the illusion of size being secured by making the body of the spool larger.

Says Mr. Haskin: "Great interest has centered

Says Mr. Haskin: "Great interest has centered in the case resulting from the infringement of the trademark of Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., the British manufacturers of "Black and White" whisky. This firm has had an enormous trade in the East for years, and had its trademark properly registered at the patent office at Tokio." A Japanese dealer imitated the label and put a substitute on the market. There was only a slight variation in the trademark. The Buchanan firm is, by warrant of appointment, distillers to King Edward and the Prince of Wales. This fact is set forth on the trademark label. The Japanese imitators used the same label, except they substituted meaningless initials for the letters which represent "His Majesty" and "His Royal Hignness." Thus the original label reads: "By warrant of appointment, distillers to H. M. the King, and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales." The spurious label reads: "By warrant of appointment distillers to S. N. the King and S. N. S. the Prince of Whales." The theft was so aparent that denial was absurd, yet three different courts refused to admit the claim of infringement. Finally the expressions of indignation became so general that a cancellation of the native trademark was secured at the patent office on the ground of general similarity. An infringement upon the trademark of Lea & Perrin's sauce has also been 'revoked in the same manner."

the body of the spool larger.

and grew red, and put her face into her hands, and answered, 'How can I tell it with only one tongue?' It is good,' I answered in the gravest manner possible, for now I knew what I was going to do about it, 'that you love me so much, for it is going to be hard for you. We are going to leave everybody here, and go to America.' So we did that, and now I am a master shoemaker such as I never dreamed of."

Sophie had risen and come round the table, and with a quick gesture he lifted her hand, and kissed it. The gaze of Anna's husband turned from them and met that of his wife, and his eyes were filled with met that of his wife, and his eyes were filled with tears that he did not try to keep back.

"But that is all long ago," said Otto, after a moment, "That young love which made us strong is as far behind us now, as it is in front of this little one, the grandchild."

The steamer, taking them up at New York, dropped them in Cherbourg.

"I promised I would write them every week." said Anna to her husband. "You must remind me, Harry, or I shall be sure to forget it."

She wrote from Paris, from Rome, and Alexandria; then returning, after a long hiatus, from a mountain-village of Switzerland, and afterward from Berlin. The steamer, taking them up at New York, drop-

She laughed with her husband, now they were in Germany, because he, whose ancestry was all English, had to act as interpreter for her in the cities and villages, from whose daily life she was separated by a single generation. But he thought sometimes she was a little sorry, for she admired Berlin.

a little sorry, for she admired Berlin.

It was at his suggestion, not hers, that they took time to visit the birthplace of her father, and made a run-away trip of it, leaving the baby and its nurse behind them for a day. She left womanhood behind her, too, for the moment, with the baby, and was like a girl. They had seen French villages, where the houses were as if the people had just moved into them and had not got settled yet, though, indeed, they had been living there for half a dozen generations; the houses of her ancestral village were not this way. houses of her ancestral village were not this way, but neither was the village as her father had described it, for now there were factory-chimneys all around it, and the smoke from them went clear up to the castle. But the contented innkeeper was, as they had expected—thinking they were bride and groom—smiling correspondingly, with his fat hands crossed in

rich American and his wife undoubtedly had come to see the castle—certainly not the cottages of workers, now springing up everywhere, and obscuring old ways of living. There was too much nowadays that was new in Germany. The great people themselves were away at present, but their carriage was

being painted on the very premises—if they cared to see it, while he was sending for a guide who would make the castle open for them.

They cared to see it—all newly painted, and resplendent, and looked at it with proper veneration, and she climbed into it, and made her husband get in and at health here.

and she climbed into it, and made her husband get in and sit beside her.

"That is enough," she said joyous, and youthful.
"I only wanted to see how it would feel to be the Von Endeman lady, Harry. But you are not tall or broad enough, and you have not two little thorns of hair upenough, and you have not two little thorns of hair upon your lip to make it all seem lifelike."

The guide, who had come and was looking on, thought she was a very merry lady; and they went with him up to the castle, which was great and impressive—her grandfather had been a cuirassier there, and afterward, growing old, had had charge of the laundry—and when they had seen it, they sought the village again, and looked for the house where her father had been born. It was not pleasant to her to see how small it was, with blackened rafters, and a look of having been lived in forever. No Schindlers lived there now, but a cooper named Dietrich—a new man, who had act known any Schindlers; the last had died long ago—but some had gone to America. He folded his bare arms, and answered their questions folded his bare arms, and answered their questions with deference. Next door lived a woman who had

And next door was a house even smaller, but more cleanly, where a woman sat by a window knitting.
Anna had never seen so contented a woman. From
her placid face peaceful eyes shore on them with a

urged and the owners of new name trademarks will have no trouble in the future if they take time by the forelock. Another stipulation of the patent office is that no common firm name can be registered as a trademark. However, the application of this ruling seems to depend largely on the personal knowledge of the clerk. The name "Wheeler and Wilson" was rejected, while "Windsor & Newton" was accepted. The last name is that of an English firm which manufactures artists' supplies and is quite as well known in Great Britain as the sewing machine firm is in America.

gentle luster, and she brought straight-backed chairs. Very well she remembered Otto Schindler, who was a youth in that town-she herself was then a young gir

Very well she remembered Otto Schindler, who was a youth in that town—she herself was then a young girl—he went away.

"This is his daughter," said Harry.

The woman's eyes took in Anna with growing wonder—such clothes, for instance; such white and clear complexion; such hands that had not grown rough with working! And she asked doubtfully: "Is it possible? Are you his daughter?"

"She does not speak German."

Perplexity filled the woman's face. "What? But you said she was Otto's daughter. What then does she speak?"

"Only English."

And all at once Anna felt ashamed that she could not ask after her father in German.

"Well, God wills strange things," said the woman at last, "but I do not understand how it is that Otto Schindler's daughter should speak English."

The woman had been lady's-maid to the old Von Endeman lady, who was now dead; all her life had been a lady's maid, and now that her lady was dead the Von Endemans took care of her, which she thought was the best way. For see! she was only a little over fifty, and already she had her pension. It was best to attach one's self to an old family, though everything in the world was changing, and only a few old families tried to keep up the traditions. If she had a daughter, she would say to her, "Be a lady's maid; then when you are old they will take care of you." But she did not have any daughter, only a son, who thought there were not changes enough and talking crazy things, revolutionary and opposed to principle.

Presently the son came in, embarrassed at the

Presently the son came in, embarrassed at the sight of strangers, yet with quick, curious glances ap-praising them—his pale eyes burning with uneasy

praising them—his pale eyes burning with uneasy light.

"This is the daughter of Otto Schindler," said his mother, "who lived in the next house. I was a young girl then. He went to America."

Quick flames lighted in the boy's face, as he gazed at Anna, so unlike the women he knew, clear-eyed, radiating soft perfume. And she, clothed in a dress which cost as much as this boy's year's earnings, felt suddenly a sense of incongruity. For by what right was she thus—the "visiting lady"—when her father had been as this boy was, differing in so particular?

A shadow rested on the mother's face. "He has that dream," she said, uneasily, "to go to America. It is a terrible place, I tell him—lynchings, robberies, accidents on railroads—I'm sure the papers print nothing else about it."

The boy spoke English. He had had that of his schoolmaster.

"Is it in the regular course," asked Harry, laughing, "or do they teach it Sunday mornings?"

Besides there were Germans in the works brought from America to aid in setting up machinery, and he had practiced speaking English with them—"to get ready."

ready."

They talked first of Germany. "She says I am foolish." He motioned toward his mother. "But she says also, if she had a daughter she should be a lady's-maid, and I have thought about that. So it might go on forever, not getting forward any. In the end the last young one would be still a lady's-maid, and the last old one would have to be taken care of."

"Some old ones in America are not lucky enough to get taken care of," said Harry, quietly.

"There is, too, the army. Not of choice I must soon go into it, and for two years my back will grow straighter and my thoughts crookeder—that is how my schoolmaster says it. Every so often also I must give proof of who I am, so that they can keep account of me."

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And afterwards they spoke of America; not of America as in fact—there across the ocean—but as it was in the boy's mind. He grew excited, his pale eyes burning. Or aff the evil he had heard of it not one word had remained with him; of the good nothing was forgotten, but had grown, and in his thoughts had become glorified. A "dream" country, as his mother had said. All his hopes—his ideals—the "long, long thoughts" of his youth had centered there. He was looking from the mountain-top upon his Promised Land, through sun-gilt mists beholding nothing of the evil and suffering there might be there, but only the beauties of its distant towers sungilded also. For them, knowing the evil as well as the good, it grew painful to listen.

"Now, I will tell you what America is really," said Harry, when he had finished. "It is a hodge-podge. We aren't all nicely parceled off there as you are—Germans in one country. Frenchmen in anothers but

"Now, I will tell you what America is really," said Harry, when he had finished. "It is a hodge-podge. We aren't all nicely parceled off there as you are—Germans in one country. Frenchmen in another, but are mixed all together—English, Scandinavians, Germans, Poles, Greeks, Italians, Syrians, Terr del Fuegans, Andaman Islanders—"

"Oh, don't, Harry!" cried Anna. Even if the boy's America was only a dream, still she did not wish to destroy it. But it was a dream really?

The boy looked into her clear eyes. "Is it true what he says?" he asked simply, but did not wait for her answer. He breathed her radiant beauty—she was more beautiful than the youngest of the Von-Endeman ladies; and if she moved her garments rustled; and yet she was the daughter of Otto Schindler, who had lived in the next house, and because of this she was in herself the refutation of all doubts of America. She nodded. "Yes, it is true, but he keeps back the good part of it."

And touched deeply—for never in her life had she so wished to be able to explain—to find words for thoughts half-formed and inexpressible—she summoned all her cleverness to her aid.

"They are all he says, but they are also Americans. For you cannot say America is just a place. There is a nation there, but it is more than a nation—it is an idea. Because it is an idea, it can absorb into itself all those different kinds of people. They are Americans before they come there, because they have that idea, and that is why they come: and you, too, are an American, though you may never go there."

His face flamed, but the fire died immediately. "I would go," he said, "but—you see—my mother. She has her pension; all her life she worked for it. She would not give up that. She would not go with me." would not give up that. She would not go with me."
A rush of feeling filled Anna. "No, you must stay,"
she said quickly. "You cannot go, because she needs
you. Give me a paper. We will write our name, and
our address in America. If anything happens," she
did not like to say "when your mother dies," "then
come, but write us you are coming. We will write
anyway. We will send books. My father will help
you. He loves alike Germany and America. His
heart beats for both of them."

"Do you think you did right?" asked Harry, when they were again in the street. "You rather piled fuel on his imagination," And he added dryly: "He thinks America is paved with gold, you know, and you made him believe it more than ever."

"Is it not?" she quietly answered. "Look at my father"

She felt that until that hour she had never known her father, had never understood him. Love such as she had never felt for him came with that understanding. And her husband, looking down at her as they walked, saw she was softly crying.

Children were coming home from school, their books in knapsacks on their shoulders; the peaceful life of the quiet village street was going forward. In the morning it had seemed strange to her and foreign, but now it did not. She looked up at her husband, through her tears, and smiled. "Harry, you must help me. I want to write a letter, and I—don't know how."

The long shadows of the trees in the park, cast by the slanting sunlight, pointed away from the window where Otto, year-weary in his adopted country, was sitting, and the postman had just left a letter. On the back of this letter was written:

"Jacob Ditworts, who is postmaster, sends his best wishes to that Otto Schindler who made such excel-lent portraits of the schoolmaster in his schoolbooks." But he did not know the writing. So at first he did not open it, but sat with dreamy eyes, recalling Jacob Ditworts, and the Schoolmaster Schweinebraten, and with hungry heart a hundred other thoughts awakened by the postmark. Ah, that good village. And then he opened it, and choked, and his lips parted to say to his wife "Sophie, Anna writes us," but for the instant he kept silence. It was for both, but it was to him first, this letter—like a child's letter—blotted, uncertain—ill-written, ill-spelled, as with her husband's help Anna tried to form the unfamiliar words and letters, writing in the tongue her father loved—in German.

Tears from his old eyes blurred the ink while he was reading, for his little girl had come back to him.

in Great Britain as the sewing machine firm is in America. A bad business reputation is as undesirable as a bad moral or social reputation. And just now no people ever needed foreign confidence and credit more than the Japanese do now, and they themselves will suffer most from their dishonest dealings. Yet according to Mr. Haskin, there are some excuses for the Japanese trickery. As he says: "It is to be regretted that the Japanese have given themselves such a bad business reputation. No people ever need foreign confidence and credit more than they do now, and no one will suffer from their dishonest dealings as much as the Japanese themselves. While the penality for their commercial delinquencies cannot be avoided on the ground of ignorance, it is nevertheless true that the Japanese are handicapped by inexperience in business. Their training has been along other lines. For two thousand years the virtues they have admired and practiced have been loyalty, filial plety and courtesy. Honesty in business was not in their code. The merchant was the lowest order of mankind and a moneymaker was despised. It is not to be expected that in fifty years a code of morals in business could be developed which will compare with that of Europe and America—the growth of hundreds of years of trading and competition. Also, it must be remembered that the dealings of many white men in the East have not been such fine examples of commercial honesty as to inspire integrity in Oriental imitators. The Japanese will learn their lesson of uprightness in the costly school of experience. Meanwhile let us hold them to their bargain where we can and, knowing their weakness, be not to harsh in our judgment of them. It may soften our criticism somewhat to keep in mind the fact that the white man himself sometimes indulges in imitation and adulteration, even to the extent that in the United States we found it necessary to pass a pure food law to protect us from ourselves." There is more or less reasonable explanation for the stealing of trade marks, one to the fact that the Japanese patent office does not recognize proprietary rights in trademarks. According to Mr. Haskin it appears that the Japanese patent office refuses to allow a common name to be registered as a trademark. Among the applications refused on this ground are such names as "gramapaone," "kodak," "carborundum," "linotype," "featherbone" and "aerograph." The argument is advanced that these names are so well known that they are even in the dictionary and therefore no proprietary rights to them can be recognized. If the inventors of these words had registered them in Tokio, promptly, this objection could not have been goods is another trick the Japanese practice, and the way they work the trick is particularly sharp. For instance, they sell wood at the price of thread—or at

Awakening of Democracy Throughout Europe

Reviewing a book on "The New Order, Studies in Unionist Policy," the Nation says: "The fact is that few, if any, of these contributors rightly understand the nature of the changes—the profound and amazing changes—which have come upon the world. Democracy is awake—in all the cities of Europe—with a new life and new desires, which will by no means be satisfied with a few kindly doles of restrictive social legislation. The awakening has passed from the domand for political equality to the demand for a greater equality.

"On one side the free citizen, said M. Viviani to the French Chamber, is a brute—in the law in which he often lives, the impossible hours of his labor, the shortness and precariousness of his working days. On the other he is a god, an individual member of the sovereign people, possessed of all the political rights which are possessed by the millionaire. That is not a condition of stable equilibrium. Socialism is preaching crude political doctrines of reconstruction, which might effect a similar ruin to the ruin first effected when Rousseau's theories of disease and remedy commight effect a similar ruin to the ruin first effected when Rousseau's theories of disease and remedy com-menced to work themselves out in practical affairs. "But Socialism is a result, not a cause, a theory

and a gospel inevitably bred of a hazardous condition of social organization; an educated proletariat confronting unparalleled accumulation, of which their share is scanty and uncertain. 'Socialism,' said Professor Wallace in wise verdict, 'whatever its aberrations, has the credit of keeping people alive to the fact that the social compact is always making and never made, and that it has now become like an ill-fitting dress, which is displacing the assimilative system of society, causing irregular excitation of the heart, and clogging the organs of breathing.'

heart, and clogging the organs of breathing."

"And the same is true of the large problem outside. Again, it is a problem of awakening. The East is arousing from its long sleep: There is 'unrest' in India. Japan has suddenly leaped into a position of equality in strength and determination with the great military Powers of the West. South Africa reveals an insoluble problem of black and white, and the future relations of the one to the other. And if the old peoples are attaining consciousness, the newer nations which still maintain the British flag and the real, if vague, allegiance to a British Dominion, are attaining self-consciousness. Canada, a nation; Australia, a nation, are visions which count for as much

at least as the vision of Canada and Australia as integral parts in a world confederation. "Once again the mysterious and unanalysable

"Once again the mysterious and unanalysable force of Nationality is proving itself stronger than the appeal of empire, and once again, therefore, a right apprehension of the meaning and terrible power of national aspirations is necessary for satisfactory direction of the courses of coming change. But the men who are heralding the New Order seem blind to the meaning of national devotion. To the most determined and persistent assertion of national claims and sacrifices that the modern world has ever seen, they turn blind eyes of misunderstanding and contempt."

"'Workmen who wish for the true welfare of their country,' says Mr. Hugh O'Neill, 'are convinced that the cry of "Treland a nation" is impossible of realization, and, were it attempted, would lead to untold misfortune. Yet nothing is more certain than that the other nations of the British dominion, so rapidly destined to acquire a dominant position in any united counsels of policy, would immediately grant Home Rule to Ireland."